

THE BEACON

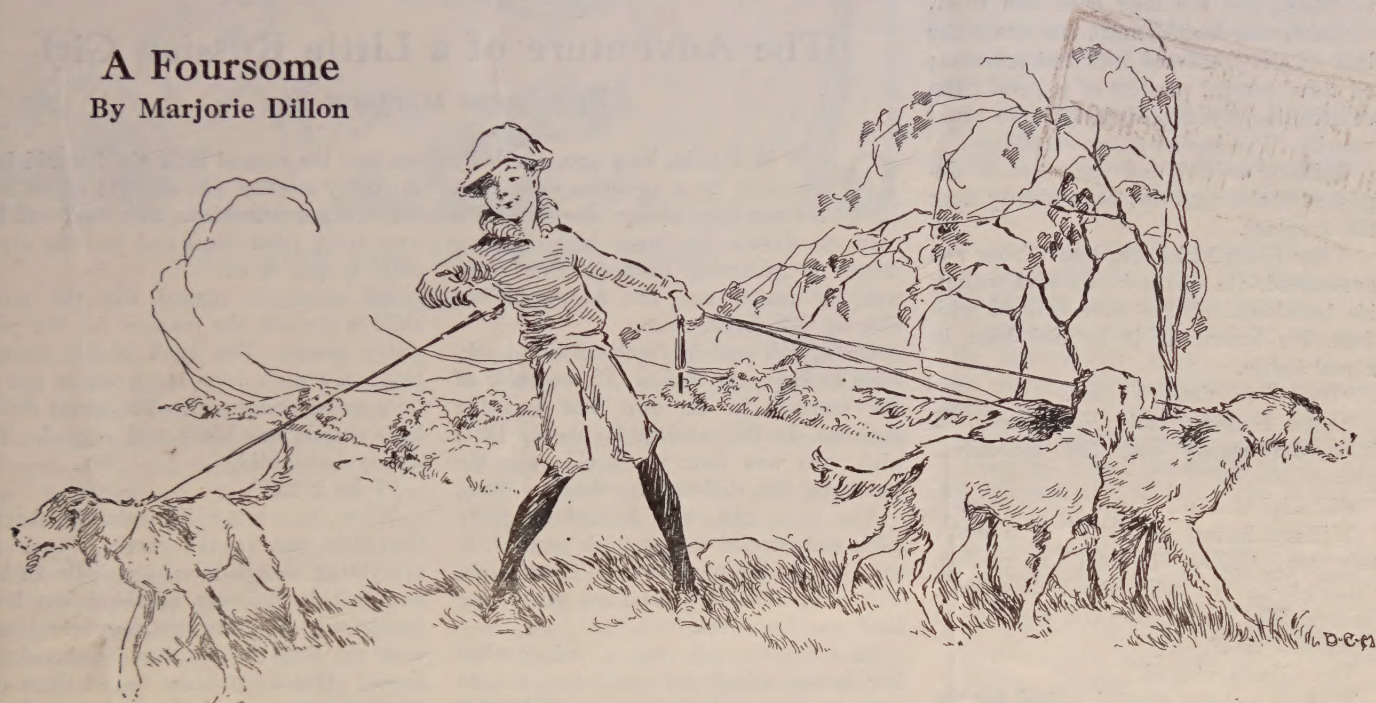
FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 28

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 11, 1926

A Foursome By Marjorie Dillon



When all the country's fresh and green
The keenest kind of fun
Is exercising hunting dogs —
A good cross-country run.

There's Zipper, Pal, and Bobolink;
And say, but they can pull!
They're here and there and everywhere —
My hands are pretty full.

We make believe we're hunting bears
(We're apt to find a cow);
A fox would hear us miles away,
We're making such a row.

HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM SMITH

•BY RUSSELL GORDON CARTER
CHAPTER IV

AT the specified time the banquet hall was ready and guests, some five hundred of them, were in their proper places at the long, white, glistening tables. Only the king's privy councillors were absent.

Never had there been such a banquet in Bungalia. It was stupendous! From their places at the royal table King William and General Gigi looked about at the happy revelers and nodded their heads with satisfaction. It's always fun to watch people eat. And after the food had all disappeared the room was cleared, and there was dancing. William danced with Countess Gigi and the Duchess of Dux and the Marquise of Max and indeed with as many of the noble ladies as he possibly could.

Finally, when the hands of the royal

My daddy chuckles and declares

It's very plain to see,
That when I take those canines out,
They're exercising me!

clock had swept past the hour of midnight, and the fiddlers were nodding over their fiddles William bade everyone good-night and went upstairs. He lay down on his bed with all his clothes on and fell asleep at once. That was a wonderful chance for kidnappers, if they had not been otherwise occupied.

The next morning right after William and Gigi had finished their breakfast the Keeper of the Door announced the Minister of the Exchequer.

"Show him in," said William.

Manx entered, looking pale and disheveled and only half awake. He bowed and almost fell, he was so sleepy.

"Well," said William, "how much money have you left in the treasury?"

Manx blinked his little eyes. "Five

hundred thousand crowbers, your Majesty."

"How much is that in money?" inquired William of Gigi.

"About a hundred thousand dollars," the general replied.

Manx blinked again and took advantage of the moment to yawn—a wide, sleepy, cat-like yawn. He thought no one was looking, but Gigi saw him out of the corner of his eye, and with an angry exclamation at such impertinence he seized the minister by the shoulders and shook him with all his might. To everyone's surprise gold coins began to fly from Manx's person like drops of water from a water spaniel!

"My land," said William to himself, "the fellow's made of money!"

When Gigi had finished shaking, he pushed the minister out of the room and then gathered up the coins. "There," he said, placing them in a great pile on the table, "Manx can't be honest even when he's asleep!"

"Some men are born that way," observed William with kingly wisdom.

Just then the Keeper of the Door announced the Chancellor.

"Show him in," said William.

Lax was stiff and sore with riding; his clothes were torn, and there were several bruises on his head. He made a stiff bow—there was good reason for it now!—and handed William a package of papers. Then at a nod from the young king he limped out.

Before William could read the papers the doorkeeper announced the Minister of State, and the king bade him enter.

Glum, who looked much the worse for lack of sleep, entered with two servants; all three carried packets of papers. "The constitution, your Majesty," he said wearily. "I've copied every word."

William nodded and the servants deposited the manuscript conveniently near the fireplace.

After Glum had gone, Von Gloom was announced. He was unkempt and weary; his beard and clothes were covered with dust. He looked as if he had been in a real battle.

"Well?" inquired William.

"Your Majesty," said Von Gloom, "I hope the review and the maneuvers pleased you."

Old Gigi snorted.

William looked as severe as a small boy can. "They did not!" he replied. "Henceforth you will take orders from General Gigi. The army is a disgrace to Bungalia! Go!"

Von Gloom obeyed.

William and the general waited for the Minister of the Interior, but he didn't come; amid the clatter of pots and pans and breaking dishes he was still asleep in the kitchen.

"Sapp's late again," said Gigi irritably.

While waiting, William read the papers that Lax had brought from the mayors of the various towns. Why were the people dissatisfied? Well, there were numerous reasons, but the mayors all agreed on one thing; money was scarce, and food was high; everyone was hungry.

For a long while William sat in front of the fireplace, pondering the problems of his realm. At last he straightened and turned to old Gigi. And just then the Keeper of the Door announced the Minister of the Interior.

"The very man I want to see!" exclaimed William. "Show him in."

Sapp was rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he entered, but this time his necktie was tied. He scowled and bowed.

"Speak," said the young king as if he were talking to a dog.

"Your Majesty," began Sapp in rather a surly tone, "preparing that banquet was the hardest piece of work I ever did

in my life! It's not the kind of work I'm supposed to do, either—"

"You are the Minister of the Interior, we believe," said William. "Isn't that so?"

"I am, your Majesty," was the reply.

"Very well," said William, "then it is your duty to keep people fed—in other words to administer to their interiors."

Sapp only glared at the floor.

"Now," continued the young king, "we have a little surprise for you. You did so well with the banquet that we commission you to give another—this time

to all the *burgomaitres* of the realm. A royal proclamation will go out at once announcing the feast for this evening."

Poor Sapp almost collapsed. "Yes, your Majesty," he muttered brokenly and staggered out.

William issued his proclamation at once and then told the general that he was going to ride out into the country in order to become more intimately acquainted with his subjects, as a king should, of course.

(To be continued)

The Adventure of a Little Russian Girl

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE in Russia, long ago, the baby daughter of a princess was taken for her daily airing. She went in a carriage drawn by three high-stepping horses in glittering harness. One horse was the leader and two horses trotted side by side behind him.

On a high seat in front sat the coachman to drive the horses. At the back of the carriage in his own seat was the footman. In the carriage beside the little girl, who was four years old, was the nurse in her stiff-and-starched uniform.

The little girl was dressed in frilly pink and carried a tiny pink parasol. It may be that the parasol came from Paris. The child liked it. She liked everything that was beautiful.

That day the baby was surprised when her nurse asked the coachman not to drive to the park, but to go where her own friends lived, in a dingy part of the city. At last the horses stopped in a wretched street and there the nurse left the carriage. She warned the footman not to let the little girl get out of the carriage. Then away she went to call on friends who lived in a neglected-looking house.

The footman climbed on the high seat beside the coachman and the two began talking. Behind them sat the little girl holding her pink parasol and watching some children at play.

Soon the children came to gaze in wonder at the pink blossom of a stranger in their street. They were dirty, ragged little children, but they looked so happy the little girl in the carriage smiled at them so they came nearer and nearer. One looked happier than the others. She was the raggedest child of them all, but she was the prettiest. She was bare-headed and barefooted.

The child in the carriage thought she had never in her life seen such a pretty little girl. The laughing street baby had bright blue eyes, golden curls and pink cheeks.

Suddenly the child in the carriage made a wish. She wished that she might

see how the ragged little child would look in pretty clothes. She thought of an easy way to get her wish. She took off her own frilly pink dress and told the street child to put it on.

Off came the ragged slip the street child wore and she reached for the pink frilly dress. The pink child, though, said no, a pink dress must not be put on over soiled underwear. The street child's little shirtie was black and ragged. The dainty baby said,

"Take it off!"

When the street child instantly obeyed, the little one in the carriage took off everything she had on, the little tucked and ruffled petticoats, all the dainty little lace-trimmed garments, — everything, even the little stockings and embroidered shoes! One by one she tossed them out of the carriage and the children of the street caught them and dressed their little playmate. The daughter of the princess gave away every thread of her clothing, excepting her pink parasol.

She had a happy time that morning, and so did the children on the street below. The little girl who was beautiful even in rags, was so lovely in dainty garments that the naked child in the carriage danced for joy. She then said to the little girl on the street,

"Now run home fast to your mother. You may keep my clothes. I have lots more at home. I have hundreds of dresses and things. Now run away quickly!"

Away ran the merry children just as the nurse came back. When the nurse saw a naked little girl in the carriage, holding a pink parasol, she was horrified. It was a warm day, but she snatched the child quickly and bundled her up in her big uniform apron. The nurse scolded the coachman and the footman for not knowing what was happening, and then home they drove.

Long years afterward when the little girl who gave away her clothes was a grown-up lady, there came a sad time in Russia, when she was glad to come and

live in America. She told me this story herself, and she says that of all the delightful memories of her happy childhood the day when she gave her clothes away to a poor child is the merriest of them all.

The Russian child didn't know, of course, when she was only four years old,

that she should not have given away her clothes without permission from her mother. Her beautiful mother, though, only laughed about it and said, — and all their talk was in the Russian language — "Never do that again, my darling," and she never did.



Li Ching and the Magic Bowl

By A. Margaret Fitzgerald

LI CHING, with his mother and baby sister, lived in a poor little house on the river bank in a crowded Chinese city. Every day his mother went to work in the rice field of her rich neighbor. Li Ching, who was only nine years old, took care of his baby sister and had the supper of rice ready when his tired mother came home at night.

Often there was not much rice, for Li Ching's mother did not get much money for her hard work. Then little Ah Sing, the baby sister, would cry and the mother would say:

"My poor baby, you are getting paler and thinner every day!"

Then she, too, would cry and poor little Li Ching would feel as if his heart were breaking.

One sunny day Li Ching said:

"Mother, I am going to search for the Magic Bowl. If I have the good fortune to find it, we can wish for riches. Then you will not need to work so hard and Ah Sing can have all the rice she needs."

"It is many years since the Magic Bowl was last seen," said his mother, "and many people believe that the gods have taken it back to heaven."

Li Ching listened respectfully, for Chinese children are always polite to their parents, but he had made up his mind.

So when his mother went to work, he tidied up the house, wrapped a small bowl of rice in a paper bag, and started out with Ah Sing.

Now, children, this Magic Bowl could only be found by a person who would make a great sacrifice, which means to give to some one else something you want for yourself, or to do for some one else something you do not like to do. But fortunate indeed was the person who made a sacrifice great enough to merit the

Magic Bowl. For any wish he made with it in his hands would be granted by the gods.

Li Ching walked along trying to think of some sacrifice.

He walked a long way and finally Ah Sing became hungry and began to cry. Li Ching unfastened the band which bound her to his back and sat down. He untied his package, divided the rice into two parts, and fed Ah Sing hers. Then he began to eat his share, but the baby, who had not had nearly enough dinner, cried for more. Li Ching knew he must have something to eat, so he hardened his heart and ate several mouthfuls of rice. Oh, how good it tasted!

But suddenly he remembered that he must make a great sacrifice.

So he began to feed his rice to little Ah Sing. She stopped crying and ate mouthful after mouthful, until not a grain was left.

Although Li Ching was very hungry, he tied Ah Sing to his back and started out once more.

"Now that I have made a sacrifice," he said to himself, "perhaps I shall find the Magic Bowl."

So he trudged on happily in spite of his empty stomach, but he did not find the Magic Bowl.

He walked out into the pleasant country. Soon the wind began to blow and Li Ching grew colder and colder. At length Ah Sing, too, grew cold and began to cry.

Li Ching tried jogging her up and down, but she only cried harder.

Here was a chance for a sacrifice. So he unstrapped Ah Sing, took off his cloak and wrapped it around her, and fastened her on his back again. Ah Sing no longer felt cold, and therefore stopped crying.

As for Li Ching, he ran along as fast as he could to keep warm. He shivered a great deal, but he said to himself:

"Surely this is a great sacrifice and I shall soon find the Magic Bowl."

So he ran on cheerfully for a long way, but he saw nothing that looked like the Magic Bowl.

It grew dark and the moon came up. By its light Li Ching looked for the Magic Bowl, but when after a long time he arrived at an inn, he still had not found that which he was seeking.

He entered the inn yard, tired and hungry.

"Come into the kitchen," the innkeeper kindly said, "and I will give you some supper."

"I have no money to pay for it," Li Ching said.

But nevertheless, the kind-hearted innkeeper gave both children a good supper of rice.

"Come into this room and lie down," said the innkeeper, when they had eaten, and he gave them a warm blanket.

They lay down and Ah Sing was soon fast asleep, but though Li Ching too was warm and comfortable, he was too sad to sleep.

"I have made two sacrifices and still I have not found the Magic Bowl," said he. "Tomorrow I will go home to my respected mother."

Tears ran down his cheeks but he was so tired that at length he fell asleep.

The next morning the children received a good breakfast from the innkeeper, who also filled their bowl with rice, for them to eat on the way home. The boy thanked his kind friend, fastened his baby sister to his back and turned his face toward home.

"Perhaps the gods are angry at the wickedness of men, and have taken the Magic Bowl back to heaven as my respected mother told me," he said.

The way seemed very long as he trudged homeward for he no longer had any hope.

The sun climbed high in the heavens and Li Ching became very hungry. Baby sister was also hungry, so she cried. Li Ching unfastened her and sat down under a tree. He then uncovered the rice. Little Ah Sing clapped her hands and cooed when she saw the heaping bowl of good, white rice. Li Ching gave her a mouthful and was about to take a taste himself.

Suddenly he heard a pitiful whining close beside him. He looked around and saw a beggar, dressed in a ragged, winter gown, full of holes from which dirty wadding hung out. He was so thin that Li Ching thought the wind would blow him away. He was pale and trembling and he held out his thin hands toward the bowl of rice.

"I am starving" he said; "I shall die."

Li Ching hesitated. But when he saw

(Continued on page 171)

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Accepting Criticism

Did you ever think of your own life in comparison to that of a soldier's? As soon as a young man goes into the army service, he is placed under strict discipline, which means he receives from his superior officers a great deal of criticism. Do you think that he complains or is rebellious against the regulations of the army? No. If he is a good soldier, he does as he is told to do, and avoids making the same error twice.

Why can't we all be soldiers in the game of life and so accept the criticism of our elders and profit by it?

G. WHITNEY.

News from the Schools

In the school of May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y., the older boys and girls meet on Sunday evenings twice a month and open their meeting with song practice. In this way they are becoming familiar with the new hymns in *The Beacon Hymnal*. This group is studying war and peace, using as a text-book *Christian Fellowship among the Nations*.

The school of the First Parish in Plymouth has been much helped in its services this year by the formation of an orchestra of members of the school. This orchestra, led by one of the younger married women of the church, is composed of five violins, two cellos, and the piano. Once a month the minister asks questions of some class (not letting the children know beforehand which class he will take) on their lessons up to date. This school has undertaken the care of a ward at the hospital, besides contributing to Near East Relief, Children's Mission, and local needs at Thanksgiving time. In January, twenty pupils had a record of perfect attendance.

At Mendon, Mass., on Sunday, February 14, the church service was admirably conducted by members of the school. Miss Olive Hamant gave the call to worship and announced the hymns; the responsive reading was by Robert Taft; Scripture reading and prayer by Miss Phyllis Whiting; the sermon was read by George Johnson. A junior choir, consisting of girls from the school, assisted with the musical program.

At Windsor, Vt., the opening exercises of the school are held in the church auditorium, the minister, Rev. Harvey Loy, presiding at the organ; the service is conducted by a member of the school, the one who is to preside on a given Sunday being named one week in advance. This school has a fine kindergar-

ten of twenty children, with a trained teacher and an able assistant.

A Bird-and-Nature-Study Club has been organized in the Sunday School of the First Unitarian Church, Keokuk, Iowa, for field work during the spring, summer and autumn, with indoor talks and demonstrations in the winter and during inclement weather. This work is carried on under the leadership of the superintendent, Dr. Clyde Ehinger.

The superintendent of the school at Richmond, Va., reports "the most successful year we have ever had."

Tricky Words

BY JUNE DOUGLASS

Words sometimes play tricks on people, especially children. Every child finds it natural to say, "a napple" for "an apple," "a norange" for "an orange" and "a negg" for "an egg." One mother tells of her boy having said that he liked three things beginning with the letter "n" for breakfast. Puzzled, she asked what they were.

"A napple, a norange, and a negg" was the reply.

This tendency to shift letters from the end of one word to the front of another causes children to think, sometimes, that "napple" is the name of the fruit.

Sometimes the rule works backwards and plays tricks on the dictionary makers as well as children. Once in awhile we find a word which originally carried the "n" as its first letter but which has lost the letter through carelessness. Take the word "nadder." In speaking of "a nadder" people said it in a way that made it sound like "an adder" and in the course of time the "n" was completely taken from the noun and hitched to the article.

"An apron" was once known as "a npron." The word came into the English language from the French word "napperon." "Umpire" was originally spelled "nomper" in the old French language. The word, by the way, was formed from the Latin phrase "non par," which meant "not equal," or "odd," and was the name given the "nomper" or "umpire" because he is "the odd man" or the one who settles disputed questions.

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THE BOOKSHELF

"Great Wa-kan-tan-ka, I have made
sweet smoke,
Great Wa-kan-tan-ka, I have lighted the
sacred pipe;
I hope you are pleased about it.
Great Wa-kan-tan-ka, I hope you will
listen to my words."

Great Wa-kan-tan-ka, help these young
men.

THUS prayed Yellow Horse, the medicine man, as he blew the smoke of willow bark to the top of the lodge to Wa-kan-tan-ka, and to the floor of the lodge to the mysterious Underground People, and to the east, the south, the west and the north to ask the Wind Maker to help the young men on their journey. For White Otter, the young chief and two warriors of the Minneconjoux Sioux are preparing for a journey. White Otter's grandmother had provisioned them with three buckskin bags of buffalo meat and dried berries.

"Grandmother, I thank you for these good cakes," said White Otter.

"Ho," said Sun Bird.

"Ho," said Little Raven.

Seeing such preparations the other young warriors of the camp were curious.

"These young men are setting out on something big," declared Thunder Dog as he watched them making these preparations.

"They do not talk about it, so it must be mysterious," cackled old Standing Bear.

"Yes, yes," agreed the Ogalalas, "it must be mysterious."

And so White Otter and his two friends canter across the plains on their ponies — inviting adventure. They have discovered the strange white buffalo in the hunting grounds of their enemies, the Crows; this buffalo they believe to be an evil Medicine Creature which has been preventing the buffalo herds from entering their hunting territory; to put a stop to his evil influence is their mission.

"The Medicine Buffalo" is the name of the book that tells this tale and its outcome, and so real is the picture of these warriors living in the wilderness that the reader feels that he rides forth with them into the perilous country of their enemies.

The Medicine Buffalo. By Elmer Russell Gregor. D. Appleton & Company, New York. Price \$1.75. Review by Virginia Reynolds.

Li Ching and the Magic Bowl

(Continued from page 169)

that the beggar really was starving, he said to himself:

"Ah Sing has had a good breakfast and will not starve before we get home. She will cry, but if this beggar does not have food, he really will die."

So he gave the rice to the beggar, who ate it all up in no time, handed the bowl back to Li Ching, thanked him and went on his way. Li Ching watched him out of sight, then he looked down at the bowl. Behold, it was heaped full of beautiful, white rice. The bowl itself glistened like gold and yet was clear as glass, and a beautiful light shone from it. Then words appeared on the glass and he read:

"This is a real sacrifice, because you expected no reward."

"Why, it must be the Magic Bowl," cried Li Ching, and Ah Sing clapped her hands.

The two children ate the rice and as they ate, the bowl became full again until they had both had all they could eat.

Then Li Ching wrapped the bowl up carefully, took little Ah Sing on his back and started homeward. But first he made his wish, holding the Magic Bowl in both hands.

"I wish for a house and a fine rice field for my mother," he cried aloud, and thought how happy she would be.

Although they were still a long way from home, they were so happy that the journey back was soon finished.

As Li Ching entered the door of his home, his mother came to meet him.

"My son, my happiness is now complete," she said, and clasped her children in her arms.

"I have just had news that a rich Mandarin, who owed your respected father much money, is going to repay it. He is going to give us a house and a fine rice field, and so I shall no longer have to work for my neighbor."

"That is just what I wished for, respected mother!" exclaimed Li Ching. "See, I have found the Magic Bowl!"

He unwrapped the bowl and lo! it was just the plain little blue and white bowl he had taken with him from home! His wish had been granted so he had no further need of the Magic Bowl.

Soon they all went to live in their new home and Li Ching helped his mother care for their fine, large rice field. They always had plenty of rice to eat and little Ah Sing grew very fat and rosy-cheeked, and no longer cried. They lived happily for many years and Li Ching always kept the little blue and white bowl which had once been so magically gold.

Harry and the Butterflies

By Emma Florence Bush

HARRY was tired of staying in the house. A bad cold had settled on his lungs and the doctor said that although he was well he must not go out in the strong March winds. He had played with all his toys, had busied himself with his crayons and paints, made all his picture puzzles over and over, and read all his books and magazines. Now it seemed as if there was nothing to do.

All at once he saw Cousin Marcia coming up the street. His face brightened and he could hardly wait until she had reached the door before he ran to let her in. Cousin Marcia always thought of something new to do.

She laughed at his eager little face, and put a pasteboard box in his hands. "It isn't shoes, Harry," she said, "even

if a pair of shoes did come in it first. It is something for us to do that is different."

Soon they were seated at the library table. Cousin Marcia had Harry open the box and she took from it a disk of pasteboard five inches in diameter. In the center she pasted a circle cut from black paper about three inches in diameter. Then she took the pattern of a butterfly from the box and put it on some white blotting paper that came from the same treasure house. She carefully traced the butterfly on the blotting paper and cut it out. With a paint brush and black paint she made the body black leaving the wings white.

When it was dry, she took from the box two bottles and held them before Harry.

"Now," she said, "we will make your butterfly a weather prophet. In this first bottle is a liquid which if used to paint its wings will make them pink when you may expect rain, purple when the weather is doubtful or 'unsettled,' as the weather man says, and bright blue when it is likely to be pleasant. I will tell you how it is made for you may want to get some of it some day:

Cobalt chloride, 1 part,
Gelatin, 10 parts,
Water, 100 parts."

"It sounds like a doctor's prescription," laughed Harry.

"It is the weather doctor's prescription," said Cousin Marcia, painting busily as she talked. "Now we will make another butterfly and paint it with the contents of the second bottle:

Cupric chloride, 1 part,
Gelatin, 10 parts,
Water, 100 parts."

"This one will be a reddish color if it will rain, orange if it is unsettled, and clear yellow when it is going to be pleasant."

Harry could hardly wait until the butterflies were dry. "Oh, they are blue and yellow," he cried. "That means pleasant. I am so glad. Perhaps the winds will go down and I can go out of doors."

"Meanwhile," laughed Cousin Marcia, "you can make barometer butterflies for all your friends. Here is plenty of material and they will all enjoy having something at hand that will tell them something about the weather."



Powder Puff

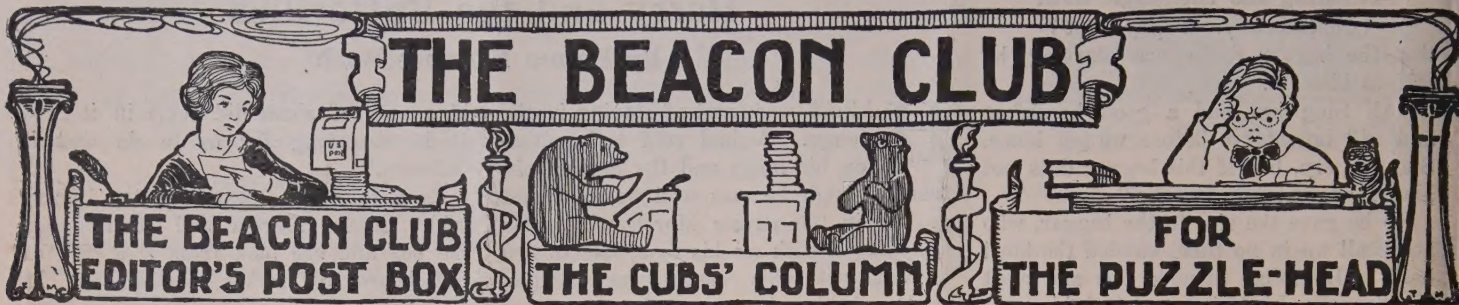
By Verna Grisier McCully

"This ball of fluff," said Susan Ann,
"Most surely it must be
A powder puff, but then who can
Make use of one so wee?"

"Oh, now I know," said Susan, "why,
The fairy folk, maybe,
Use puffs that grow, so need not buy
At shops and stores, you see!"

Doctor — "Put out your tongue — more than that — all of it."

Little Helen — "But doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end!"



Dear Members:

Here's another long list of names of new members representing ten different states and Winnipeg, Manitoba. Isn't it jolly to think of having so many friends scattered all over the country, to all of whom *The Beacon* is a password?

THE EDITOR.

Lessie McLendon, Ansonville, N. C.; Eleanore Robinson, 4423 Seminole Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Jeanne Giberson, 2329 Central Ave., Alton, Ill.; Edna Weiler, 2 West St., Waterville, Me.; Lucy Shephardson, 1930 East 81st St., Cleveland, Ohio; Ruth Follett, 118 High St., Belfast, Me.; Hazel Mortens, 16 Athens St., Rochester, N. Y.; Roy Phillips, Amherst, Va.; Barbara Astrella, Andover, N. H.; Martha E. Bowker, 6 Park St., Belfast, Me.; Ruby Cross, Castine, Me.; Eula Thomas, Gresham St., Spray, N. C.; Thomas J. Medley, Ansonville, N. C.; Cherrie May Medley, Ansonville, N. C.; Dorothy Phelps, Andover, N. H.; Betsy Hebard, 106 State St., Windsor, Vt.; Frances, Doris and Luther D. Mathews of Shelbyville, Ill.; Ruth and Bernadette Knapp, 1950 East 81st St., Cleveland, Ohio; Willa Towne, 330 Glenwood Blvd., Schenectady, N. Y.; Herbert S. Ransom, 374 Donald St., Winnipeg, Manitoba; Sammy Baxter, 1228 Loy Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.; and Sylvia Seonza, 4105 Penn. Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

9 WALNUT ST.,
WARE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the First Unitarian church of Ware, Mass. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Grace Aldrich. I am eight years old and in the fifth grade.

Yours truly,

PRISCILLA PERSON.

SUMMER STREET,
KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Johnson: I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear the button. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I should like to correspond with some girl my age.

I go to the Unitarian Church in Kingston. Our minister is Rev. Gordon Adamson.

Sincerely yours,

GERALDINE PHINNEY.

Dear Cubs:

Katherine Dillon, of Urbana, Ill., wins the award for the best verse sent to the Cubs Column this week, and Alma Yorke, of Gardner, Mass., the award for the best story.

THE EDITOR.

The Picture

BY KATHERINE DILLON (AGE 13)

Sailing, sailing ever on,
In a white-capped sea,
A clipper ship, a dream ship,
Its cargo all for me.

Tall and stately are its sails,
Canvas billowing high,
Gold and silver are its masts,
Reaching toward the sky.

A flag of purest gold and white,
Swings gayly from the prow,
While a figure with uplifted hands
Is carved upon the bow.

The last rays of a setting sun
Pierce e'en unto the hold,
Where, woven all of costly silk,
Are bags and bags of gold.

The Gray Squirrel

BY ALMA YORKE (AGE 10)

LAST spring there was a little gray squirrel that visited different houses on the street. One day he ventured a little further down the street to the fruit store. He saw some nuts that looked very good to him, so he helped himself. The storekeeper came out and saw that some of the nuts had been taken. The next day he watched and saw the gray squirrel taking the nuts. That was how he found out who the thief was.

16 EVERELL RD.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and go to the Winchester Unitarian Sunday school. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Eliot. I like *The Beacon* very much and should like to become a member of it and receive a pin.

Yours truly,

ROBERT GODFREY.



Mr. Squirrel's Puzzle

On the square you will see pictured four objects which you will easily recognize. With the letters necessary to spell the names of these four objects see if you can spell the names of three animals, and have no letters left over. The names of the animals begin with the letters B, G and R, respectively. The name of the first has six letters, the second has four, and the last has three. What are the animals?

WALTER WELLMAN.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 26

Enigma. — In our Church School.

Charade. — Manhood.

Word Square. — RULE
USED
LEAN
EDNA

Twisted Presidents. — 1. Jefferson
2. Lincoln. 3. Adams. 4. Monroe. 5. Cleveland. 6. Harding. 7. Van Buren. 8. Madison. 9. Tyler. 10. Roosevelt.

A Diamond. — H
HAY
HERON
HARMONY
BROWN
ONE
Y